



## Woodward & Lothrop

New York—WASHINGTON—Paris.

### Greetings to Our Public.

**DESIRING** to take our part in the spreading abroad of the universal expressions of good cheer, we herewith extend to each and every patron and to our public, our heartiest wishes for the joys of Xmas and the New Year as well.

Store is closed to-day. Beginning to-morrow, Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, and continuing until further notice, store will open at 8:30 a. m. and close at 5:30 p. m.

WOODWARD & LOTHROP.

## THEIR EVE OF NOEL

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

(Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.)

"Merci, monsieur!" cried the concierge, as he cheerfully took down the coin. "A happy Noel, monsieur!"

Lansing Drake entered the little Impasse on the broad Avenue du Maine shaking his shoulders, for his back ached. He had been working at the Louvre for five steady hours—the very last fraction of light held out. Why not? What part had he in the festivities of these happy French people? Was not he one of the homeless ones, separated by the width of an ocean from his family?

In his studio apartment, he threw himself on a divan with a pipe and a Journal Amusant. But the Journal was full of allusions to the season, and, somehow, he sighed. The eve of Noel—Christmas eve! It had been the very best time of the year over there in his dear Southern home. What were they doing now? Getting the things ready for the trees, and tying up the wreaths of holly with red ribbons, and hanging a branch of mistle—Oh, pshaw! what right had he to think of such things to-night?

A clatter of sabots across the flagstone court—the small daughter of the concierge fetching water from the common tap; from the Boulevard Montparnasse the toot of a St. Philippe du Roule train, and then silence. Drake was picking up his paper again when—

"The snow lay on the ground,

The stars shone bright—"

Ah! It was the quaint old English carol with its liquid, sweet melody, which he'd learned at his mother's knee, and it was the American girl across the court who was singing it.

"When Christ Our Lord was born

On Christmas night."

No wonder the tears came to his eyes. That particular carol and that particular girl made up a combination to which he was a bit sensitive. If the truth had been dragged from him. Just that very morning he had written home:

"There's a little American girl opposite

I don't even know her name—but she

seems slight of her keeps me straight.

She's all alone and she's evidently studying

music. As for her singing, she has the

most beautiful voice the good God

ever saved from a lost violin. A voice

to make you pray, little mother, to turn

your laughter to tears, to turn your tears

to laughter."

From the day when he had first seen

her watering her geraniums on the sill

the window across the court yonder had

become a sort of shrine. And at each

new glimpse of her an unformed prayer

of thanks surged up within him that a

creature so lovely had been sent by

Heaven to keep the word "gentleman"

stainless; to make it a thing to strive

for and to take a cleanly comfort in.

She was a stranger, too; it was a

bond between them. To-night, perhaps,

she was suffering like him from home-

sickness and loneliness. How soon he

could make her forget all that. They

could have a revelation of their own and

a jolly little supper, laughing together

in sheer happiness of a mutual under-

standing of the Christmas spirit abroad.

Unchaperoned? What would they need

of a chaperon, they too? Two toilers for

the sake of art; comrades in arms made

equal in rank by the blessed chance of

being both strangers in this wonderful

old Paris.

There was a moving gleam of some-

thing behind the geraniums yonder, the

cheese-cloth curtains stirred, and then

the window was lifted. She threw out

some crumbs to some cold-looking spar-

rows. The last rays of the winter sun

reached the fine, white parting of hair

separated the burnished waves of hair.

If he only dared speak to her. She

might misjudge him before he had a

chance to show his intentions. But he

would do it. He would seize the moment

while this fit of madness lasted and

speak to her; in saner mood his courage

might be unequal to it. He hurried out

of the room and stood, hat in hand, in

the court, close to her window.

"I am your neighbor across the way,

mademoiselle," he said. "It is a month

since I first saw you, and I've been

wanting to know you so much, so much.

I have no means of obtaining an intro-

duction, and at the risk of your dis-

pleasure and your scorn, I have ven-

tured to speak to you to-night; to tell

you how the little Christmas carol you

sang just now somehow flew straight

to a fellow's heart—and made him think

of home and all the old, familiar joys

of the season."

He held out a card. His hand shook

a trifle; but the girl did not notice. She

was looking at him steadily, after the

first start of surprise, the color coming

and going in her cheeks. But in her

eyes was no fear, no displeasure; rather

the expectancy of an explorer who, ven-

tured far finds the present good, though

that to come be unknown.

Presently they went out and hailed a

fiacre.

"Where shall it be?" asked Drake.

"Laure's? Voltaire's? Peter's? No, I

have it! Marguerite's."

So they drove to Marguerite's, and

Drake ordered a bouillabaisse (to be quite

seasonable), and a langoustine mayonnaise,

and a bird and some sweets.

They had a very jolly little supper, in-

deed, and no end of amusement watching

the merry-looking French people at the

tables, all devouring bouillabaisse, and

other nice things.

"And to think!" cried the girl, as the

clock struck II, shivering with pretended

alarm, "that I'm sitting here at this hour

late, unchaperoned, in a French restau-

rant—with a man who hasn't even been

conventionally introduced."

"Don't," cried Drake, abruptly. "Come,

we must be going home; it is a bit late."

She was silent while they left Margue-

rite's and hailed a fiacre. Then she

broke out in a queer little voice that was

low and tremulous:

"I think you must have a sister; you

take such good care of a girl."

The fiacre rolled into the glare of an

overhead arc light, and he saw her look-

ing at him with a half mysterious, half

divine gratitude.

"Please don't do that," he answered,

in a hushed voice. Something inside him

was pounding furiously. Something at his

temple beat and throbbed.

"Don't do what?"

"Look like that."

"She not only looked like that, but more

so."

"Young man, young man," laughed she,

with mock warning, "I fear you're wish-

ful of turning a girl's head."

"The Lord be good to me!" he broke out,

in a pent-up passion of dreams rushing to

his lips, now that the barrier fell. "Don't

you see it's because I—well, I'd hoped to

pass the evening without telling you that

I loved you—that's why I was hurrying

home. I told you a little while ago it

was your friendship I wanted. I was

wrong—"

She made no answer, but stretched out

her little gloved hand to him, then drew

back smiling, and he saw a singular

smile on her lips.

"You've known me for a few hours

only," he went on, in a steady voice, "and

I understand what you think of me for

speaking like this. If I had known you

for years and had waited and had the

right to speak and keep your respect—"

His steadiness did not carry him to the

end of the sentence.

"Then she laughed joyously, deliciously.

"You are mistaken," she said. "I have

known you for years. I used to chum

with your sister Gertrude at school, and

you used to come down from your uni-

versity and we'd take walks. And we

went up to all the meetings to see you

and you used to win. You called her your

'kid sister,' and me 'the other kid'—and

you kissed me once. You've forgotten the

little girl who stood silent in corners and

looked at you with wide eyes. But I

couldn't forget. I used to have Gertrude

write me all about you till she married

missionary and went to live in China.

And then, I had your photograph—the one

in your trunk isn't it?"

"And just to think, for a whole month

you've been living opposite to me, ac-

cross the court, and I never knew it! Ah!

Lansie, I've felt for years you would

come to me, and when I saw you to-night

my first impulse was to stretch out both

hands and be so glad, so glad. At once,

though, I saw you'd forgotten; so I de-

termined not to tell you who I was; I

wanted you to recall. When I spoke of

you're having a sister just now, I tried to

make you recall, but I'm glad you did.

Because it's me, all me, as I am, that

you love—and it's so good that way!"

A little later, through the frosty air,

the midnight bells of Noel rang out clear.

Then at the last, very softly, from a dark-

ened room across the court, Lansing

Drake heard a verse of the old Christ-

mas carol he had sung at his mother's

knee:

"The snow lay on the ground,

The stars shone bright—"

He bowed his head in his hands, for the

Great Gift had come to him—

"When Christ Our Lord was born

On Christmas night."

**Herald Want Ads**

will be received at F. P. Vetter's Pharmacy,

3334 M St. N.W., and promptly for-

warded to the main office.

## IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

### Christmas Eve Observed at the Austrian Embassy.

#### AMBASSADORS TO ENTERTAIN

Engagement of Miss Carolyn Huff and Mr. Murray A. Cobb is formally announced—Senator and Mrs. Foraker Tender Dinner to the Young Members of Society.

The Ambassador from Austria-Hungary and Baroness Hengemuhl entertained the members of the embassy staff at dinner last evening under particularly interesting circumstances. In addition to celebrating Christmas according to the traditions of their native land, the occasion was the thirteenth anniversary of the appointment of the baron to his present mission, and the first formal company since his return from Vienna with the added honors of his recent visit and new title. Presiding at the dinner, each guest received an appropriate gift from a brilliantly illuminated tree in the Ambassador's study. In addition to the official family of the host, there were present the Austrian consul general from New York. Owing to the indisposition of the Baroness Hengemuhl, who, although able to do the honors of the dinner, has been confined to her room for several days, the children's party, which is always a feature of the Christmas season at this embassy, has been deferred until Wednesday afternoon.

The British Ambassador and Lady Darnley, and the German Ambassador and Baroness von Sternburg will entertain the members of their respective embassies at dinner this evening. The majority of the European and South American legations celebrate Christmas Day rather than Christmas Eve as the Feast of the Nativity, while at the Russian Embassy, where the Greek calendar is in force, Christmas and New Year are exactly eleven days later than elsewhere.

An old-fashioned German Christmas celebration took place early last evening at the home of Maj. Korner, military attaché at the German Embassy, and Frau Korner, on Seventeenth street, where they entertained their associates of the embassy and some few personal friends at supper. A huge tree, decorated and lighted by tiny tapers, with the addition of a gift for every one present, was the happiest feature of the event.

Senator and Mrs. Foraker entertained at a dinner party for young people last evening, at which their guests were Lieut. and Mrs. Timmons, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Brown, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Pilot, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. King Walworth, of Philadelphia; Miss Elkins, Miss Walsh, Miss Marion Oliver, Miss Errol Brown, Miss Gaff, Miss Fiske, Mr. Centaurio, of the Italian Embassy; Hon. Roland Lindsay, of the British Embassy; Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. A.; Capt. J. C. Gilmore, U. S. A.; Mr. Gerard Barry, Mr. Frederick C. Brooke, and Mr. Crawford.

The formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Carolyn Huff and Mr. Murray A. Cobb, made by Mr. and Mrs. George F. Huff yesterday, is of particular interest to a large circle of friends, as both young people are extremely popular and live nearly all their lives in Washington. Miss Huff made her debut at the family residence on Sixteenth street three years ago, after completing her education at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. Mr. Cobb is the son of the late Edmund M. Cobb of this city, and through his mother, who was a Miss Addison, connected with the oldest social life of the District. No date has been named for the wedding, which will be celebrated at the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Huff in Western Pennsylvania some time next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Davenport Brown, of Boston, whose marriage took place in this city last spring, are visiting Mrs. Brown's parents, Justice and Mrs. McKenna, at the Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ripley, of New York, the latter formerly Miss Helen Bell, have arrived at the home of Mrs. Ripley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bell, with their son, to spend the Christmas holidays.

Assistant Secretary Newberry, of the Navy Department, and Mrs. Newberry have gone to their home in Detroit to spend the holidays.

The engagement is just announced of Miss Janet McCook, of New York, to Mr. Malcolm D. Whitman, formerly of Boston, but now residing in New York. The wedding is to take place in the early spring. Miss McCook was presented to society three years ago, and has been a frequent and popular visitor to Washington.

David Jayne Hill, Jr., son of the former Assistant Secretary of State, is the present Minister to The Hague, is in the city for the holidays, the guest of Miss Ida Thompson, of Massachusetts avenue.

## ARMY AND NAVY.

**Army Orders.**  
First Lieut. HIRSH E. MITCHELL, Artillery Corps, having been found by retreating board incapacitated for active service on account of disability not incident thereto, his retirement announced.

First Lieut. JAMES PRENTICE, Artillery Corps, to Fort Monroe Artillery School.  
Col. JAMES E. MACKLIN, placed upon retired list with rank of brigadier general.  
Resignation of Second Lieut. LE ROY C. BUNKER, Artillery Corps, accepted. "For the good of the service."

Maj. DAVID J. RUMBOUGH, Artillery Corps, from army of Cuban pacification, resign proper station.

## Naval Orders.

Capt. C. P. PERKINS, detached naval training station, San Francisco, and Pensacola, wait orders.  
Capt. J. H. BULL, to duty as commandant naval training station, San Francisco, and command office Pensacola.

Commander W. D. DODD, detached Pacific naval district, to command Princeton.  
Commander F. H. STORMAN, detached Princeton, to command Philadelphia.

Commander L. S. THOMPSON, to Bureau of Equipment, Navy Department.  
Mar. Decal, home 22, Abreuda and Rocket, at Norfolk; Lebanon, at Lambert Point; Don Juan de Austria, at San Juan; Hopkins, at Key West, December 25, Saturday, at Santa Barbara; Stringham, at Long, Stockton, and Wilkes, at Jacksonville.

Sailed—December 22, Abreuda, from Hampton Roads for Norfolk; Des Moines, from Guantanamo for Havana, December 23, Louisiana, from New Orleans for Havana; Stringham, at Key West, December 24, at Long, Stockton, and Wilkes, at Jacksonville.

## Movements of Vessels.

The following movements of vessels have been reported to the Bureau of Navigation:  
Arrived—December 22, Abreuda and Rocket, at Norfolk; Lebanon, at Lambert Point; Don Juan de Austria, at San Juan; Hopkins, at Key West, December 23, Saturday, at Santa Barbara; Stringham, at Long, Stockton, and Wilkes, at Jacksonville.

Sailed—December 22, Abreuda, from Hampton Roads for Norfolk; Des Moines, from Guantanamo for Havana, December 23, Louisiana, from New Orleans for Havana; Stringham, at Key West, December 24, at Long, Stockton, and Wilkes, at Jacksonville.

**Store Open Until Noon To-day**

**GALT & BRO.,**  
Established Over a Century,